

INUENDO.

When woman talks of woman, then we see her at her worst—
Not the second, who is talked of, but the most loquacious first.
When woman talks of woman, there is trouble in the air—
Uncertain in its details, but you may be sure it's there.

When man would talk of woman, or, indeed, of other men,
Why, something that is tangible will find expression then.
He may not like the person, but he lacks the art to say
A harmless thing that has a sting when said a certain way.

"Of course you've tried her cooking," with a quiet little sniff,
As if of something dreadful one had just obtained a whiff.
"You saw her with young Barker at the dance the other night?"
The tone alone would indicate it was a shameful sight.

"She's always changing servants, and I wonder why they leave?"
"A meaning shrug of shoulders that must make the angels grieve."
"The manners of her children—have you noticed what they are?"
The thought expressed unspoken would do credit to a star.

However, this is nothing to the exclamation heard
When of the neighbor's husband one man chanced to say a word.
It gives the chance she's seeking and accords well with her plan—
The essence of unkindness is the way she says, "Poor man!"

—Chicago Post.

THE "PATIENT HEROINE" OF THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

By ETHEL M. COLSON.

Of all the brave and heroic deeds brought to light by the Johnstown disaster, the terrible, death-dealing, devastating flood of May 31, 1906, none could be more inspiring than that of Mrs. Hetty Ogle—the "patient heroine" of that awful occurrence, the quietly faithful woman telegraph operator, who, doing her duty with heroic fortitude and calmness, stayed at her post in the face of certain death, sending the messages that were to save the lives of others. It is doubtful, indeed, if history records a braver action.

The Johnstown flood was the greatest, most awful water calamity ever known to humanity. It came after heavy and grave warnings. Because the dam of the South Fork Lake had never yielded, the people of Johnstown believed that it never would yield. And yet when a thriving, prosperous city of thirty thousand inhabitants had been reduced to a horrible, tumbled heap of evil, hissing refuse, with over three thousand helpless human creatures hurried into eternity in the short space of five minutes, there was scarcely a survivor who could not remember serious and frequent indications of danger that daily heeded might have averted this catastrophe. For several days previous to the breaking of the dam the low-lying portions of the city had been submerged beneath a water-level fully four feet higher than had ever before been known, so largely had the steady pouring rain of an entire week augmented the not unusual floods.

The city of Johnstown (to refresh memories burdened with the varied recollections of fifteen years) was situated in the narrow, pointed valley at the foot of the Allegheny Mountains, framed in by Stony Creek on the one hand and the Conemaugh River on the other. A steep hill and gentle slope respectively edged the framing streams. South Fork Lake, originally a reservoir constructed by the State of Pennsylvania as a feeder for the old Pennsylvania Canal, but later purchased and enlarged by the South Fork Hunting and Fishing Club, was between three hundred and four hundred feet above the highest part of Johnstown, and several miles back of the city. This lake was three miles long, from three thousand to four thousand feet wide, and seventy feet deep near the dam, that alone held it back from the underlying valley. This dam, three hundred feet wide at the bottom, twenty feet wide at the top and eight feet in height, had been most solidly constructed and pronounced absolutely impregnable by competent engineers. Generous and seemingly adequate weirs and sluices had always controlled and relieved the flow and overflow of water previous to the unwonted and irresistible rain torrents of that awful week.

Late in the afternoon of Friday, May 31, however, Mr. John G. Parke, a young civil engineer of Pittsburgh, who happened to be visiting friends at South Fork Lake, bestowed upon the dam a casual inspection, and saw with horror that it could not long withstand the force of the great waves already dashing over it at intervals, and momentarily increased in number and volume by the down-rushing, swollen, tempestuous mountain streams that fell and filled the basin. When the arduous efforts of a large body of hastily summoned workers proved inadequate to relieve the overtaxed sluices, Mr. Parke leaped to the saddle and dashed away to the South Fork Railway Station, there to telegraph the terrible news to Johnstown—helpless, unsuspecting, inevitably doomed. Only by instant flight could its unhappy residents hope to escape with their lives.

To Mrs. Ogle, as manager of the Western Union Telegraph Office at Johnstown, came the dread message. She must choose—and on the instant—between heroism and desertion, between cowardice and death.

To leave her station at once, to flee to the hills for safety—this would mean her own personal salvation, the salvation of the beloved daughter, who, always frail and delicate, would never be able to attain safety unattended, even did she consent to attempt flight without her mother. It would mean the warning of the equal beloved sons manfully at work in the city quite near. But it would mean, no less, the desertion of her post at the time of most paramount need and duty; the death of many others, who unwarned could have no slightest chance of escape or prolonged existence, and who might through her own efforts be saved.

That the struggle was as severe as it was brief can scarcely be doubted. Life is sweet to all, and it must have seemed especially sweet just then to Mrs. Ogle. By no easy path had she won her way to the serene tabernacle of comfortable, well-provided middle age that she then confronted. Keen poverty, early widowhood, the growing cares and responsibilities of the young family that must be supported, delicate health but recently conquered—all these steps had been necessary

in order to reach her present peace of mind and financial comfort. And now to leave it all, and in manner so dreadful—what wonder she shivered and shrank!

But the insidious temptation to purchase this life at the cost of others was speedily vanquished. Almost before she turned from the key ticking out the awful tidings Mrs. Ogle was on her way to deliver the message into the keeping of the no less heroic assistant, Daniel Peyton, the Paul Revere of the Johnstown disaster, the man who, riding madly through street after street to call frantic, desperate, unheeded warnings to others, lost in the end his own life. Mrs. Ogle without the loss of a moment hastened back to her office and instrument.

Message after message, each one like the sharp stroke of a sword for terse, terse brevity and clearness, did she send out with ceaseless, untiring efforts. The various telegraphic centers of the terrible, oncoming danger, the work began anew with regard to the towns, villages and factories lying in the inevitable course of the torrent. Always the "patient heroine" worked with the nervous yet sternly controlled energy that well earned for her honor and glory this title, later lovingly bestowed. Always she ticked and tapped with the speed and surety, the unerring rapidity and precision born of long practice. Always she stated the case clearly, and pointed out the danger plainly, yet with never an unnecessary word.

The rain poured down in torrents, hissing, merciless, stinging. The floors grew damp, the thick, murky, oppressive atmosphere yet more heavily humid, and at last the rising waters crept in upon and over the rooms of the first story, flooding the telegraph office several feet deep, and ever mounting higher. Then, with scarce a momentary cessation of her eager efforts, Mrs. Ogle, who had always maintained a telegraphic instrument in her sleeping-room, removed to the second floor of the building. From the instrument there hastily arranged she continued to send out the warning messages that were to save from her own tragic end the lives of many others until—it was too late to send more.

Only a glance from her elevated station was needed to evidence the truth of Mr. Parke's horrified prediction. It was plainly evident that the dam must burst shortly. But still, with the shadow of death upon her, no hint of terror, distress or personal suggestion of any kind marked the quiet words of repeated warning. The first message was no more self-contained, impersonal and unassuming than the last.

"Johnstown, Pa., May 31st, 3 p. m.
"To Cambria Iron Company, Philadelphia.

"We cannot reach your office. Water immense. Washing out Lincoln Bridge. The house full. We are on the second floor. Water still coming up and threatening ruin. This is my last message.

"MRS. H. M. OGLE, Manager."
This was the simple reply, called forth by an imperative question, but quite bare of dramatic eloquence, as of any unnecessary description or detail, that marked the conclusion of Mrs. Hetty Ogle's earthly endeavors. A moment more the wire sounded, although with a strange, throbbing vibration never before heard. A moment later, and then with a low, strangled murmur, speedily deepening to a mighty roar, the tossing water foaming along the edge of the dam high above the doomed city seemed to climb suddenly skyward, a towering wall forty feet high, stupendous, awful, led by a thick volume of curtain-like mist, instantaneously interposed itself between the dam and the breathless spectator, and then to all mere human intelligence and knowledge the life of the "patient heroine" went out. The maddened water, as later investigation decided, first loosened and tore away the heavy stones "ripping" the top of the dam, then forced a clear opening thirty-five feet in width through the supporting and supposedly impregnable earthworks. The whole occurred took place with incredible rapidity and suddenness, and the fertile valley intervening between the dam and the city of Johnstown was swept bare of every vestige of civilization within five minutes.

Then, heavy with tons of wreckage, laden with houses, dead bodies, all manner of horrible debris and plunder, the seething, murderous, unrestrained torrent of water rushed upon Johnstown proper. The valley narrowly sharpened at this point, so that the wall of water, scarcely to be seen, according to the few eyewitnesses who survived its merciless onslaught, for its varied burden of horror, rose higher than ever. It literally fell upon the helpless city, burying thousands beneath its overwhelming weight in an instant, swelling, advancing, receding, foaming, twisting and turning, until the whole of Johnstown was but one tremendous whirlpool, with awful, quivering objects, big and little, borne aimlessly, unresistingly about. Not until the stone viaduct below the city

successfully opposed its course for a brief instant did the mighty and cruel devastator know rest or hindrance. And even this brief opposition but resulted in a calamity yet more terrible than all that had gone before.

The presumptuous viaduct was rent and torn but an instant later, the angry torrent with much of its awful burden rushing over and through it, passing finally to the distant sea, scattering and strewn debris, wreckage, ruin and disaster for miles as it raced and hurried, depositing thousands of the unknown dead at New Florence and Ninevah, towns between Johnstown and the confluence of the Conemaugh and Kiskiminetus Rivers. But the low, diagonal arches of the bridge had in that infinitesimal period of resistance acted as huge and mischievous strainers, and a dread mountain of mingled earth, rocks, houses, rubbish, furniture, dead and dying animals, and human unfortunates, dead and dying also, was piled high above them. This was the huge heap that later took fire from the numerous lighted cook-stoves which were being used in preparing the evening meal when the unexpected disaster came. And somewhere in the stupendous funeral pyre thus ignited were hidden the dead bodies of Mrs. Ogle, her daughter, and the several other persons known to have been in the telegraph-station building, which served as a dwelling-house for Mrs. Ogle and her family, as well as for other uses. No trace of these bodies has ever been found.

That the death of Mrs. Ogle was mercifully sudden seems certain. The frail building could not long have withstood the crushing force of that pitiless mountain of water, and the telegraph official who received her final message bore witness later to the speedy manner in which the wire was disabled. "One moment," so ran his published statement, "the woman operator at Johnstown was cheerfully ticking away that she had to abandon the office on the first floor because the water was three feet deep there. She said she was wiring from the second story, and the water was rapidly rising. This was evidently before the dam broke, for our man here said something encouraging to her, and she was talking back as only a cheerful woman operator can, and had just said 'This is my last message'—the last word being scarcely completed when the receiver's skilled ears caught a sound from the wire made by no human hands. The wire had ground or the house had been swept away by the flood, no one knew which at that time. One moment she was there and talking, the next we might as well have asked the grave to answer an addressed remark or question to the cheery worker of an instant before."

And so the end came to the woman hero, who chose death rather than fail to heed the higher voice that also called in no uncertain accents. It is safe to say that to Mrs. Hetty Ogle, the "patient heroine" whose beautiful, love-hallowed life had constituted a fitting preparation for the noble death that closed it, was given in that supreme moment the faith that makes faithful, the love that wholeheartedly serving must unbrokenly endure. And although the much-discussed monument to her brave life and memory may never be erected, the only fame worth having will yet flourish unendingly for her honor and glory.—Woman's Home Companion.

Woman Carries Animal News.

A story is told by the Kansas City Journal of a Cherokee woman who has married six times, and has never gotten out of the animal line. When she was a girl she was known as Miss Mollie Panther. She married an Indian named Coon, and when that gentleman was transferred to the happy hunting grounds she soon became Mrs. Fox. The Fox did not last long, and when he entered the last stage of the wild marriage, a mild, placid man named Mule, who never had any kick coming till he harnessed up to draw his load across the Great Divide. After a period of mourning the widow again entered the realm of matrimony and became Mrs. Wolf, and when his scalp went to the Great Father along with his corporal remains, she became the wife of a man named Tiger, and when Mr. Tiger changed his stripes for pretty white robes in the Great Beyond she selected another husband by the name of Rabbit.

Willing Self-Consciousness.

First we must be willing to accept the effects of self-consciousness. The more we resist these effects the more they force themselves upon us, and the more we suffer from them. We must be willing to blush, be willing to realize we have talked too much, and perhaps made ourselves ridiculous. We must be willing to feel the discomforts of self-consciousness in whatever form they may appear. Central point of all—we must know and understand, and not dodge in the very least the truth that the root of self-consciousness is selfishly caring what other people think of us—and wanting to appear well before them. We should be willing that any one should think anything of us, so long as we have the strength of a good conscience. We should be willing to appear in any light if that appearance will enhance our use, or is a necessity of growth.—Annie Payson Call, in Leslie's Monthly.

Why Fruit Trees Fall.

Country Life in America points out that the dropping off of young fruit is not due to insect pests, as it is popularly supposed, but more often it is on account of the newly discovered principle that many varieties of fruits are not self-sterile. The blossoms before they will mature fruit. This is the reason so many fruit trees do not bear well, and new methods of grafting and planting will make trees bear large fruit and plenty of it.

Verbiage.

"One hears much of legal verbiage," said the politician, "but there is a counsellor's verbiage as well. Here's a sample—the bill was passed by Common Council last Thursday."
"An ordinance to amend an ordinance entitled an ordinance supplementary to an ordinance entitled an ordinance relating to nuisances."—Philadelphia Press.

Agricultural.

The Hens That Give Winter Eggs.

Poultry houses should now be put in shape for winter. Mend the windows and clean the glass. Coat feet roofs with hot coal tar and sprinkle with lime, sharp sand. Bank the walls outside with earth and leaves covered with boards. Store a few loads of gravel and dig earth. Arrange to make the roosting place extra warm by lining the walls and use of curtains. Hens which roost warm by night and keep dry and busy by day will lay winter eggs. If the new houses are needed, now is the last chance for the season.—American Cultivator.

About Weeds.

Whether fertile or poor, the soil seems capable of producing weeds. This is due to the fact that there are so many different kinds of weeds in a soil there will be found some kinds that are adapted to the conditions. Weeds are nature's restorers of fertility. The poorest soil will in time become the location of some weeds that will grow upon it, and as these weeds cover the ground they assist in the storage in the soil of the nitrogen brought down by the rains, while mineral matter is brought from the sub-soil to the surface. As the soil becomes richer in plant food it gradually approaches a condition in which it can also support other weeds, and they promptly appear to do their part. When weeds are not destroyed, they should be kept down, for they are usually indigenous to the soil, and will sometimes defy drought, cold, heat and close cultivation, but they are nevertheless man's friend at times as well as his enemies. What is desirable with all weeds is to keep them under control, for should they assume the mastery their eradication is slow and expensive work.

Growing Rape Profitably.

Most of the failures in growing rape are due to the impression that the crop may be grown on any soil one happens to have vacant. As a matter of fact, rape requires a rich soil; hence one should be well posted on the uses of the crop before sowing on a valuable soil to it. While rape makes its best growth when the soil is sown early in the season, after the soil has become warm, there is yet time to sow it and get good returns in any section where eight to ten weeks of good growing weather may be depended upon. Clay loam rich in vegetable matter is the ideal soil for rape, and if the field is divided by a fence so that a portion of it may be pastured at a time, its feeding value will be greater. The best way to pasture rape for swine or sheep is to turn the animals on to it for but a small portion of the day, letting them have the grass pasture the rest of the time. While fowls may use the rape field as a run, we have had the best success cutting the rape and feeding it to them on the grass range or in the poultry yards. Rape is one of the crops it will pay to experiment with, at least to the extent of a small area.—Indianapolis News.

Pig and Poultry Cures.

Not long ago we lost a number of fine hogs from cholera. An old friend came to us just after the plague had run its course, and when he heard of our loss, he told us how he had managed for years to keep his swine in perfect health, even when cholera was an epidemic in the neighborhood. All through the year he once or twice a week would feed to each hog an ear of corn which had been smeared with freshly run pine tar. At first they would not eat it readily, but soon acquired a liking for the taste. It is such a simple ounce of prevention that surely it will be worth while to try it. In the same connection, I will tell you what I use for sorehead among my fowls, with the result that I have never lost a single one, nor had it to spread among my flocks. It is simply to grease the afflicted ones with an ointment made by stirring vaseline thick with sulphur. Lately I happened not to have any sulphur in the house, when a pullet was brought in with her head sore, and I noticed that her eyes were almost closed, and her neck rubbed over the sores with mercurial ointment, and then confined her. The application was repeated once a day or two later, and in less than a week she was turned out perfectly well.—Mrs. Henry Wright, in The Epitome.

The Dairyman and the Cow.

The world-to-day needs thinkers as well as workers. Some are content to work, and others to do the thinking for them. Some think and compel others to do the work. The dairy industry especially needs such persons. He or she who deals with animal life or animal products needs a more liberal education and more skill than the person who deals with vegetable life and products. The lower form of life is utilized to sustain the higher. The dairy cow is a highly organized form of animal life. She is also a form of artificial animal life, made so by man, and in consequence, needs a superior person to attend her and supply her wants. Natural conditions are no longer consistent with her acquired habits. The herdsmen who exposes his charge to snow, sleet and cold rain, hot sun, flies, scanty food, or gives her cruel treatment, fails in the essentials of successful treatment of the dairy cow.

In the handling of cow products great strides have been made in recent years. The setting of milk in crocks has been superseded by the modern separator. Each step in advance requires more skill and forethought, but if they are lacking, the modern methods become a hindrance rather than a help to the dairy.

The markets of the world are more exacting each year. None but goods of the finest quality will pay for exporting, and the home markets are each year more critical. More intelligent and more skillful makers of dairy goods are asked for now than formerly. In addition to being able to make good butter and cheese, men who manage factories are supposed to be able to

make out invoices of goods shipped, to keep accounts, to figure fat due patrons from weight of milk and test, to test milk, cream, etc., with the various testers, and, above all, to keep things in and around the factory in a most cleanly and orderly manner.—Professors Dean, in Farm and Live-Stock Journal.

The Care of Trees.

It is not reasonable to expect that every tree planter will have observed proper precautions in planting and caring for his ornamental and fruit trees. It therefore frequently happens that the removal of large branches becomes a necessity. The question arises, how shall this be accomplished with as little injury to the plant as possible; in other words, how shall the cut be made?

Those familiar with the propagation of plants from cuttings, as well as those who have observed the results of pruning trees, will have noticed that when branches are cut at a certain distance from their origin, the stub which is left invariably dies, decay follows, finally the rotten stub breaks off close to its origin, and a cup, which catches the rain, is left. This is also an attractive spot to many birds and rodents which are fond of nesting in such places. They assist the natural work by excavating, and thus accelerate the work which the elements have begun. The result is that the branch which was removed for the purpose of lengthening the life of the tree and to improve its appearance has in reality been the direct cause of its early destruction.



Fig. 1.—Progress of decay due to improper pruning. a, dead stub; b, decay of heart.

The decay in the stub which breaks off near its origin does not stop at that point, but the factors which have been the cause of its decay and death continue their work upon the heartwood of the plant until the hollow trunk of the tree only remains. On the other hand, if the branch is removed at another point, the wound is rapidly covered by new growth, and in the course of two or three seasons it is practically impossible to determine where the branch formerly appeared. These results, which are so important to the life of the tree and to the success of the plantation, whether ornamental or economic, are well understood by all plant physiologists. The stub which is left when the branch is removed, if cut off at some distance above its origin, invariably decays and leaves a hollow trunk, while the branch which is cut off close to its origin almost invariably heals quickly, the new growth covering the wound. The accompanying illustrations are taken from actual specimens.

In order to facilitate the healing process in the plant, all wounds which are made should be left smooth; that is, if it is necessary to use a saw in removing a large branch, the cut surface should be left smooth and clean, partly

by cutting around the edges. The saw should be sharp and should leave a clean cut, and this in turn should be made smoother by the use of the pruning knife or sharp chisel, as the healing process starts quicker and progresses more rapidly when this precaution is observed than when a rough and jagged surface is left. It frequently happens that, in order to obtain the best results in removing large branches, two cuts should be made—that is, the branch should be sawed off in order to prevent splitting down and tearing off a considerable portion of the bark. After the weight of the branch has been lessened by cutting away the main part, a second cut can be made and stub held in position until the cut is completed, thus preventing the splitting down and tearing of the bark which is likely to result from the careless removal of large branches.

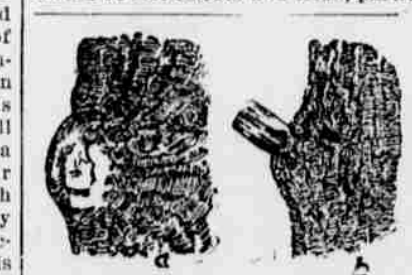


Fig. 2.—Results of correct and incorrect pruning. A, correct method; after two years; B, incorrect method.

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Farm Notes.

The growing stock are carrying you pocketbook. Watch them.

Last year you said you would have good pasture for all your stock. Have you?

If you are raising calves (and you ought to be) the dry lot is not the place for them.

Are the pigs in the clover? The ought to be some place where they can be happy.

Is that pig in the pen near the kitchen? Somebody is losing some thing if it isn't.

In all your plans for your young stock, don't be persuaded to favor any thing but a thoroughbred male.

Now is the time when it's profit loss on the lambs. Don't forget to see that they are doing their best.

How is the rape doing as a pasture for hogs and sheep? Didn't you try it? Well, you missed another chance.



Governor Bachelier Talks.

NEW HAMPSHIRE is one of the States which is making rapid strides in the improvement of her roads. Governor Bachelier of that State—and he is also an officer of the National Grange—is a very enthusiastic advocate of road improvement. In a recent address he said:

"The development and prosperity of any State or nation depend in some degree upon the transportation facilities provided; and such facilities include not only our rivers and harbors and our great railway and steamboat companies, but also the highways over which all our products and all our people are transported.

"The important matter now before the people is a realization of their responsibility in securing favorable State and National legislation on the subject. The small pittance appropriated for the use of the Good Roads Bureau of the Department of Agriculture is entirely out of proportion to the money appropriated for other objects of a public nature when their relative importance is considered.

"Another important matter is the construction of roads adapted to the needs of travel over them. Much harm has come to the good roads movement in some sections of the country through the advocacy of more expensive roads than the resources of the people would warrant and demand. Costly stone roads are economical upon portions of our highways, but we must not overlook the fact that there is a vast mileage of roads that could be permanently improved by the judicious expenditure of a comparatively small sum of money per mile. We should give due prominence to this fact in considering the matter from a State or National standpoint.

"As an official of the National Grange, I desire to say a word for the farmers of the country in regard to National aid for road building. The farmers have been loyal to the interests of the nation in every emergency in the past. They have contributed their full share in proportion to their wealth to the revenues for the support of the Government. The ablest statesmen and most successful business men, contributing to the development and prosperity of the country, point to the farms as their birthplace. When our country has been in danger, the farmer boys have responded nobly to her defense. We have uncomplainingly contributed our share to the enormous expenditures of the National Government for river and harbor improvements, the construction of canals and the creation of costly buildings in our great cities, and we do not regret it. We now ask in the name of justice that National aid be granted for the improvement of highways. This involves the establishment of no new policy, but the extension of the former one. We ask the loyal support of those who have been benefited by our contribution to other public matters to which I have referred. I believe the farmers of the nation, representing more than a third of our population, are practically unanimous in favor of such a movement and will give it their unequalled support."

Experiments For Dustless Roads.

The dustless road builders are working on the dustless road problem. An experiment is being conducted in West Sussex County, the results of which will be watched by all who are interested in the improvement of our highways. The object of those in charge of the experiment is to make a road, having a smooth surface, which shall be dustless and at the same time resist the percolation of water.

The stones used, Cherbourg quartzite, are placed on iron plates over a flue, when they remain until all moisture is expelled; they are then spread out for the purpose of cooling. The next step is to make a deposit of them about half a foot thick on a wooden platform which has been covered with tar and a little pitch, five gallons to a ton of stone, when they are turned over and over until well covered with the tar. After maturing they are spread on the roadbed, which has been prepared to a depth of nearly six inches, sprinkled with sand and consolidated by a ten-ton roller.—Good Roads Magazine.

A New Sunshine Recorder.

The new Dawson-Lauder sunshine recorder consists of a drum on which silver chloride paper is fastened under a film of celluloid, says the London Globe. An outer cover is rotated by clockwork in twenty-four hours, and a narrow slit is thus directed to the sun. A hood protects the slit from diffused light, and allows an error of about half an hour in the clock before sunlight is cut off from the slit. The drum with the sensitive paper travels along the axis of the cylinder, so that the record of a number of days is obtained, one below the other. The chloride of silver paper makes possible a standard of intensity of sunshine which can be reproduced. The same size of paper is employed at all seasons, and the instrument can be used in polar as well as temperate latitudes.

Chinaman's Nerveloss Teeth.

The impassivity of John Chinaman's countenance is now at least partially explained, says the New York Globe. He has no nerves in his teeth. This interesting bit of information comes "way from Oregon, where the dentists have been having a State meeting. One of the dentists, who makes no claims to "painless dentistry," said he had tinkered with the teeth of many Chinamen, and never once had known one of them to whimper. The only thing in regard to which they show the least anxiety is to "secure any teeth they have pulled, which they want to take back or send back to China in order that they may have a full set when they are reincarnated." A Chinaman would be a good subject for a "painless dentist" to use in a public demonstration.

Bricks of Sand and Lime.

Bricks are now being made of clean sand and ground quicklime that are said to be as substantial as granite. They cost \$2.50 per 1000. The mixed ingredients are forced into a strong steel cylinder mold by means of a screw. After the air has been sucked from the cylinder, hot water is admitted, the rock being formed by the resulting pressure and heat.—Country Life in America.

BUYING RUBIES IN BURMA.

A Peculiar Method of Bargaining For the Precious Stones.

The peculiar business methods of Oriental merchants are illustrated by the manner of buying rubies in Burma. In the examination of rubies artificial light is not used, the merchants holding that full sunlight alone can bring out the color and brilliancy of the gems. Sales must, therefore, take place between 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., and the sky must be clear.

The purchaser, placed near a window, has before him a large copper plate. The sellers come to him one by one, each empties upon this plate his little bag of rubies. The purchaser proceeds to arrange them for valuation in a number of small heaps. The first division is into three grades, according to size; each of these groups is again divided into three piles, according to color, and each of these piles, in turn, is again divided into three groups, according to shape. The bright copper plate has a curious use. The sunlight reflected from it through the stones brings out, with true rubies, a color effect different from that with red spinels and tourmalines, which are thus easily separated.

The buyer and seller then go through a very peculiar method of bargaining by signs, or rather grips, in perfect silence. After agreeing upon the fairness of the classification, they join their right hands, covered with a handkerchief or the flap of a garment, and by grips and pressures mutually understood among all these dealers they make, modify and accept proposals of purchase and sale. The hands are then uncovered and the prices are recorded.—Jewelers' Circular Weekly.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

No denunciation is so eloquent as the final influence of a good example.

A man's character is like a fence—it cannot be strengthened by whitewash.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.

Cheerfulness and hopefulness are habits that can be formed and grafted upon our lives so that it is impossible to break them. We are creatures of habit, and it is just as easy to cultivate cheerful habits as it is to drift into disagreeable ones.

"Charitable opinion is the truest wisdom. Forgiveness more conduces to our happiness than the gratification of revenge, and it is better to love than to hate. Death teaches us no lesson more impressive than these, and we must learn them either here or hereafter."

With chivalry the brightest flower of feudalism, which grew upon the ashes of the dark ages, woman began to take the station intended for her by the Creator of the Universe, and with the continued growth of education and religion, she has advanced to the proud eminence we see to-day.

Not by accident of birth is the right to service won, but by our own effort and our own labor as the sovereign gift of God. It was observed by a great political writer, "He who will rule over a people must serve them." So also remarks the Talmud: "God said to the priests, I give you no dominion, but servitude."

Chased Up a Tree.

When the farmer espied a little boy industriously collecting apples from the topmost branches of his best tree, he stole back to the farmhouse and took down a stuffed image of Pongo, his greatly mourned sheep dog, from the cupboard, and in a few minutes the stuffed dog had been placed at the foot of the tree.

The farmer then proceeded with the business of the farm, and the men wondered why every now and then he chuckled to himself.

An hour went by, and the farmer was over more at the foot of the tree.

"Hallo, here!" he cried. "What are ye doing up my tree, eh?"

The boy was pale and quivering with fright, but he had not altogether lost his presence of mind.

"P-lense, sir," he shivered, "that great big dog down there," pointing to the well preserved Pongo, "he chased me, he did, all over your meadow, an' I had to climb this tree to get out of his way!"

Bees and Fruit Growing.

The bee keepers of a certain fruit growing section of California once got into an altercation about pasture for their bees, and, as a result, bee keeping was abolished in that part of the State.

During the next few years the fruit crops fell off fully one-half. The question was investigated by the alarmed growers, and it was found that the decrease in fruit had been coincident with the giving up of bee keeping, the pollenization, for the most part, having been affected by the bees.

To remedy this, bees were brought in large numbers, and in a year or two the fruit output went back to its normal capacity—a big argument why every fruit grower should keep to at least a few colonies of bees to insure the proper fertilization of his fruit blossoms.—Country Life in America

A Circulation Maker.

According to the Bangkok Times the proprietors of a Siamese newspaper have distributed handbills containing the following notice: "The news of English, oh crumbs, we tell the latest. Write in perfectly style and most earnest. Do a murder job commit, we hear of and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, oh crumbs, we publish it, and in borders of sombre. Staff has each one been collaged and write, oh crumbs, like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town, and extortionate not for advertisement. Buy it, oh crumbs, buy it. Tell each of you its greatness for good. Oh crumbs. Ready on Tuesday. Number first."